

THE 7th BIG ISSUE OF-

BEST OF THE WEST

NO. 7



GHOST RIDER

the

The book was five hundred years old. Its leather was grey and cracked — its parchment pages were brown and yellow — but read it so, at **DEATH!** Each magic had guided its author's pen — and the ancient spell was as potent as ever when the **GHOST RIDER**, defying evil, suddenly opened...

AND THE
BOOK
OF
DOOM



LESS THAN FIVE MINUTES AGO THE MAN OF SCIENCE, BRAVE AND IMPERTURABLE, LIFTED THE MASSIVE COVER OF THE BOOK OF DOOM. NOW — BEAST OF HIS SENSES, HE RUNG PRINCEZEDLY —!

— TO THE DOOM!



STAND BACK!
DON'T COME
CLOSER! NO!
NO!



WEEEEE!

THE NEXT MORNING—



I JOURNALED HIM, BURNED— BUT HE INSISTED ON OPENING THE BOOK OF DOOM! I HEARD HIS CRIES, LAST NIGHT AND SAW HIM TELL MY MOTHER IT WAS AWFUL! HE WAS SCREAMING OVER THE CURSE!

I'M NOT SURE HER BOOK-BURNING TELL ME ABOUT THIS BOOK, MR. PHILBORN.

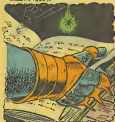
FLORIO WAS A HEADMAN OF THE MUDDI BLESS. HE ALSO PRACTICED BLACK MAGIC ... IT IS VISITING FIRST BY USING OF A SPECIAL TALISMAN, FLORIO MANAGED TO OPEN THE BOOK OF DOOM. HEARD THE BOOK KNOWN ONLY TO SCHOLARS AS THE BOOK OF DOOM...



FLORIO LIVED A CURSE ON THE BOOK. FOR MANY YEARS AFTER HIS DEATH NO ONE DARED OPEN IT...



HOWARD, THE BRAVE, WAS THE FIRST ONE WHO DARED. THIS WAS IN 1600...



NO ONE KNOWS WHAT HOWARD SAW... BUT HE WAS SCREAMING FROM THE CASTLE WHERE THE BOOK LAY— ONLY TO DIE HORRIBLY UNDER THE HOoves OF THE FURIOUS HORSES OF A PASSING BAND OF CRUSADERS...



PAUL LEDUC, A SCIENTIST, WAS THE SECOND MAN TO DARE OPEN THE BOOK OF DOOM. THIS WAS IN 1870...



THOSE WHO SAW LEDUC'S FACE AFTERWARDS, SAID IT WAS FROZEN WITH HORROR! THE POOR MAN RAN LIGHTLY INTO A NEARBY LAKE. HE DROWNED, STILL SCREAMING...





FAINTERLY, PEARL
BRANDON LIPS THE
MARE'S COVER...
THERE IS AN EMBE-
WING—AND SHE IS
ENVELOPED BY A
BLOOD-RED MIST...

CAN'T BREATHE...
MY EYES FEEL
SO HEAVY...

AND THEN—

THE
HEADMAN'S
VOICE!
EEEEEE!

NO! NO!
DON'T
TOUCH
ME!

THANK HEAVEN I CAN
SEE THE PATH IN THE
DARK...
HELP!
HELP!

A
CLIFF!
I'M
GOING
TO
DIE!

UNLESS YOU
LET ME THROUGH,
YOU'VE BEEN RUNNING
OVER THE CLIFF—

THERE WAS THE
RED MIST... AND
THEN THE GHOSTS
CAME FROM THE
DARK AND... THEY
REACHED FOR ME
WITH THEIR
GLAWY HANDS...

THE PATH...
I FOLLOWED
THE PATH...
WHO ARE YOU?
WHAT WERE
YOU DOING
HERE?

I WAS TAKING A SHORT
CUT OVER THE MOUNTAIN.
I'M BEN FURY, A FEDERAL
MARSHAL. THE GHOSTS
OUT HERE WENT WILD
ABOUT A WAGON OF
COWBOYS OPERATING
IN THIS TERRITORY—
JEWEL AND GOLD DUST
WAGONERS... WHAT IS
THAT ON THE GROUND?

NO WONDER YOU FOLLOWED THE
 PATH RIGHT OVER THE CLIFF — IT'S
 LINED WITH **POISON PINEAPPLES**! SCENT
 STONES / SOMEONE MEANT FOR YOU
 TO GET KILLED, MUMMA! I'M TAKING
 YOU BACK TO WHERE YOU'RE
 STAYING, AND ON THE WAY, I WANT
 TO HEAR WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT.



AFTER HEARING PEARL BRANDON'S STORY—

FIRST THING I'LL DO
 IS CHECK THE GROUND
 AROUND THE STATION
 WHERE MISS BRANDON
 SAYS SHE SAW THE
 PHANTOM HEADMAN...



HE WALKS FORWARD, HIS BROW
 FURROWED WITH THOUGHT. THE
 ONLY SOUND HE HEARS IS THE
 CACKLE CLACK OF HIS OWN BOOTS
 ON THE ROUGH-Hewn STATION
 PLATFORM...



Suddenly—

THAT
 SHADOW!



BUT THE HEADMAN FIGHTS BACK FURIOUSLY!
 HE AND PEARL ROLL FORWARD, AND
 SLIPPLE ON THE RAILROAD TRACK, JUSTLY
 IN THE PATH OF THE DASHING LINCOLN EXPRESS!





THE TRAIN — HE DOESN'T SEE THE TRAIN — HE'S TO PULL AWAY IF I CAN — DON'T HAVE TIME TO GIVE HIM —



A SPLIT SECOND LATER —

SHIPPING. FURY LINGS THE STEEL — AND SUDDENLY COMES THE SHROUD-LIKE BRILLIANCE OF THAT GORGEOUS SCENE OF RAIL. THE GHOST RIDER!



THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY LEFT TO PERCE THE VEIL OF MYSTERY — I'LL OPEN THE BOOK OF DOOM MYSELF!

AS I LIFTED THE COVER, A GLASS PELLET BROKE — AND NOW A RED GLASS IS BEING. IS NOT POSSIBLE! "I WOULD BE OVERCOME — I'LL BE ON UNCOMMON DANGER — AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS!"



THE VILLAIN! I SEE HOW IT IS DONE! HE WHO OPENS THE BOOK BLAMES OUT TEMPORARILY BECAUSE OF THE MIST — AND BY THE WAY HE OPENS HIS EYES, THE FALSE PHANTOM HAS ALREADY TROOPED IN —



VILLAIN — I AM THE GHOST RIDER, COME FROM THE LAND OF THE LIVING — DEAD! TELL ME THE WAY OF YOUR GRISLY CHARADE!



BUT AT THAT MOMENT, THE GHOST RIDER GLIMPSES BEHIND HIM —

THE HEADMAN! BUT YOU ARE DEAD! YOU WERE CRUSHED UNDER THE WHEELS OF THE ONRUSHING TRAIN —

DEAD, AM I? STAY STILL FOR ONE SECOND — AND YOU'LL SEE HOW DEAD I AM!

IF THE GHOST RIDER ACTS AS IF HE NEVER USED, TURNING, HE LEANS OVER THE BACK OF DOOR—



AND—



THERE'S NO TIME TO CELEBRATE! THE LAMP'LL BE DOWN ON US AS SOON AS WORD GETS AROUND! WE'RE MOVING OUT OF THE TERRITORY TONIGHT! GIVE ME AN HOUR'S HEAD-START— THEN NAMDOSH!



THAT MUST'VE BEEN BROWNELL WHO GOT KILLED BY THE TRAIN. I SAVED HIM MY SPARE HEADBAND OUTFIT AND SENT HIM ANOTHER PUFF... TOO BAD HE WENT BE- HIND THOSE TWO BACK OF DOOR ANY MORE. ONCE WE'RE SET AGAIN, I'LL HAVE TO THINK OF A NEW HIDE-PLACE FOR OUR LOGS...

BUT JUST AS PHIL BRON CLEARS THE HOUSE—



STAND FAST, MR. PHILBRON! I GOT A MESSAGE FROM THE GHOST RIDER TONIGHT. HE TOLD ME TO STOP ANYBODY THAT COME OUTA YORE HOUSE TONIGHT!

THE PELLETS WITH THE WED GASS—I HAVE SOME IN MY POCKET...



W-WHAT'S THAT SMOKE PUFFS BYE—I CAN'T KEEP MY EYES OPEN...



WEN-WEN-WEN— IT'LL TAKE MORE THAN A TIN HORN GUSSEY TO STOP THE MAN WHO JUST KILLED THE GHOST RIDER!



HOW-HOW-HOW — I'LL NEVER FORGET THE LOOK ON THAT GIRL'S FACE AT THE STATION WHEN SHE SAW THE SKELETON I HAD PLANTED IN THE COACH —

Suddenly —

HALT! MAN OF EVIL! WITH THREE COLOR AS-DEATH HANDS I HAVE PLACED MY SEVERED HEAD BACK ON MY SHOULDERS —

NO, NO! I CAN'T BE!



I'LL RUN YOU DOWN! I'M NOT — HE'S DISAPPEARED!



A QUICK CAPE REVERSAL FROM WHITE TO BLACK MADE ME DISAPPEAR AGAINST THE BLACK NIGHT — NOW TO CROSS TO WHERE THE ROAD CURVES BACK —



NO, NO! I GIVE UP!

THE MAN WHO BEHEADED THE GHOST RIDER GIVES UP SO EASILY? I AM ANTONIO!



HERE IS YOUR CULPRIT, GHOST. THE ROOM OF DOOM MADE THE CREATION OF HIS EVIL, IMAGINATION. HE THOUGHT TO SELECT A BARRIERS OF SEAS AROUND THE CABINET WHERE HIS BODY WAS CACHED — BUT UNFORTUNATELY FOR HIM THE RAISE LEGEND ATTRACTED MR. BRANDON —

HE HEAD — I WON'T CUT HIS HEAD OFF! AM I LOSING MY MIND?



THE VILLAIN CANNOT SEE THROUGH TRICKERY THAT IS NOT HIS OWN — AS THE AGE SWIRLED DOWN, I DUCKED, QUICKLY MOVED MY CAPE UPWARD TO COVER MY HEAD AND THREW DOWN A PAPER-MANUSCRIPT MODEL OF MY HEAD I HAD PREPARED FOR MY ENCOUNTER WITH THE HEADSMAN —




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THE GHOST RIDER!**

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THAT GLOWS IN THE DARK!**

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The DURANGO KID

ONE OF THE MOST AMBITIOUS OUTLAWS EVER TO INVADE THE WEST WAS LA CULEBRA! NOT CONTENT WITH HIRE GUNNERY, THIS POWER-HUNGRY DEMAGOGUE GRABBED OFF A LARGE TRACT OF LAND AND, ALONG WITH SOME OF THE WORST RANGERS IN THE COW-COUNTRY, TRIED TO SET UP A "SIX-GUN EMPIRE!"

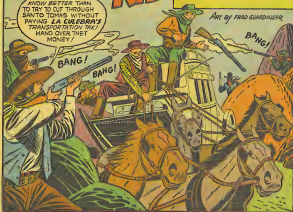
"YOU OUGHTA KNOW BETTER THAN TO TRY TO CUT THROUGH SANTO TOMAS WITHOUT PAYING LA CULEBRA'S TRANSPORTATION TAX! HAND OVER THAT MONEY!"

Art by FRID GOODMAN

BANG!

BANG!

BANG!



LATER...

"...AND THEN HE GIVES ME THIS 'WARRANT' FOR ALL THE MONEY WE WERE CARRYING AND TELLS ME IT'S OKAY TO PASS ON THROUGH!"

LA CULEBRA ADMITS! IF ONLY THE COWBOY WASN'T WEAKENED SO BY THE WAR, WE'D HAVE THIS STOPPED IN NO TIME!

THE COWBOY! DON'T TELL ME YOU NEED THE COWBOY TO FIGHT AN ORDINARY OUTLAW?

LA CULEBRA ISN'T AN ORDINARY OUTLAW, STEVE. HE'S ONE OF THE CLEVEREST, MOST POWERFUL COYOTES EVER TO COME WEST. ALL DURING THE WAR HE RAN RAPOUNT, ROBBERY, KILLING AND BUILDING UP HIS BAND OF THIEVES, CUTTHROATS AND THE SCUM OF THE WEST!

CHIEF U.S. MARSHALL





"BUT HE WASN'T CONTENT WITH PLAIN
OUTLAWRY REVENUE ON THE WORKERS OF
THE GOVERNMENT AFTER THE CIVIL WAR, HE
SET OUT TO BUILD AN EMPIRE! HE BEGAN
BY SIGNING TREATIES WITH THE INDIANS
AND USING THEM TO COMBAT WHAT LITTLE OPPOSITION
THE COWBOY COULD OFFER..."



"HE SENT HIS 'TAX COLLECTORS'
AROUND TO THE RANCHERS IN THE
SANTO TOMAS VALLEY, PRACTICALLY
DRIVING MOST OF THEM OUT WITH
EXORBITANT DEMANDS..."



"COWBOYS, WHOSE ONLY
KNOWLEDGE OF THE LAW WAS
WHAT THEY LEARNED FROM THE
WILD SIDE OF THE BAR, WERE
APPALLED... AND THERE
WAS NO APPEAL FROM THEIR CONCLUSIONS..."



"THIS IS OUTRAGE
RUNS THE SANTO
TOMAS VALLEY
WITH AN IRON
HAND AND
THERE'S NOTHING
WE CAN DO
ABOUT IT"

"EVEN THE
DURANGO
KID
WOULD
HAVE
TROUBLE
WITH
HIM!"

"WHO
IS
THIS
LA
CULEBRA,
ANY-
WAY,
MURKIN?"

"NOBODY
SEEMS TO
KNOW
EXACTLY, AS
NEAR AS I
CAN TELL,
NO ONE HAS
EVER SEEN
HIM IN
PERSON."

"HAILEY, SUPPOSE
YOU SADDLE UP
OUR HORSES
AND GET
READY FOR A
LITTLE TAMP
I'VE GOT AN
IDEA THAT
MIGHT WORK"



"A FEW DAYS LATER, IN SIN CITY, THE 'CAPITAL' OF SANTO TOMAS..."



THE
DURANGO
KID!!

I'M LOOKING FOR A CRITTER,
CALLED LA CULEBRA / AND YOU
BAUDY, ARE GOING TO TAKE ME
TO HIM? UNDERSTAND? I'VE BEEN
WAITING FOR SOMEBODY LIKE
HIM FOR A LONG TIME / HEARD
I AM GOING TO BE
PARTNERS!



I CAN'T TAKE YOU TO
LA CULEBRA, DURANGO / I'D DO
IT IF I COULD BUT I DON'T EVEN
KNOW LA CULEBRA / YOU GOTTA
BELIEVE THAT, DURANGO / YOU
JUST GOTTA!

BEHOLD,
LA CULEBRA
DON'T NEED
NO PARTNERS!



ESPECIALLY
LAWMEN!



LET HIM
BE!



I SAID LET HIM BE! THE
JUDGE WILL DECIDE IF DURANGO
JOINS LA CULEBRA OR NOT!

DO SOMEONE
CALL FOR MY
SERVICES!



THE DURANGO
KID REIDES
TO JOIN
THE FORCES
OF OUR
EMPIRE

HHM I'M SURE LA CULEBRA WOULD
BE ONLY TOO HAPPY TO HAVE SOMEONE
LIKE THE DURANGO KID BUT YOU HAVE
A LONG RECORD OF SIDING WITH THE
GOVERNMENT OF OUR ENEMY, THE
UNITED STATES WE WOULD HAVE TO BE
SURE FIRST THAT YOU WOULD BE
A LOYAL SUBJECT



WE ARE PLANNING A RAID
AGAINST OUR ENEMY THIS VERY
NIGHT IF YOU COULD ACCOMPANY
US TO PROVE YOUR METTLE... AS
WELL AS YOUR LOYALTY I'M SURE A
GREAT OBSTACLE WOULD BE
REMOVED FROM YOUR
PATH

IF THOSE HIGH-
SOUNDING
WORDS HEAN
YOU WANT ME TO
DO A JOB FOR
YOU, COUNT
ME IN!











...A LADY! BESIDES LA CULEBRA IS BUSY RIGHT NOW AND I WANT TO TALK TO YOU.

YOU!



I WAS WATCHING YOU WITH THOSE FEELS CUT THERE, DURANGO. YOU WERE WONDERFUL.

LOOK, MISS!... I'VE NO TIME FOR... ER... WELL, I'VE GOT TO...



YOU'RE JUST STALLING SO LA CULEBRA CAN MAKE A GETAWAY! WELL, YOU'RE NOT GETTING AWAY WITH IT!

OH, NO? FRANKS THIS WILL CHANGE YOUR MIND DURANGO!



BANG!
BANG!



THE POSSES ROUNDED UP ALL THE COIGES IN SIN CITY RIGHT NOW, DURANGO. I GOT HERE AS SOON AS I COULD.

GOOD! MASE WERE TOO LATE TO CATCH LA CULEBRA ALREADY! HE WAS IN THAT ROOM!

YOU'RE NOT TOO LATE, DURANGO. YOU NEED SO NO FURTHER YOU SEE-



I AM LA CULEBRA! THE GAME'S UP-THERE'S NO SENSE OF FIGHTING ANY MORE...

WELL, I'LL BE...!



WATER... GOSH, STEVE, WOULD YOU EVER THINK A PURTY GAY LIKE THAT COULD BE SOO A DESPITE OUTLAW?

YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES, HULEY IT'S DEADLIER THAN THE MALE TOO AND

THE END

STRAIGHT ARROW

STRAIGHT ARROW shoots an arrow of gold in defense of Comanche Land—*but he had no way of knowing that this was only the beginning of MURDER, of DANGER, of*

"THE BIG FRAME-UP!"



SAM BAKER, BIG CATTLEMAN, RIDES WITH HIS HERD AND RIDERS OUT TOWARD COMANCHE TERRITORY...

"KEEP YOUR HORNS UNLASHED, MEN—
THERE MIGHT BE
TROUBLE!"

"I'M SURE I
NEED OF SOMEONE
GRAB—AW! AS FOR
AS I'M CONCERNED
THERE'S ONLY ONE
PLACE FOR IT
COMANCHELAND!"

"I JUST HOPE
THEY'LL BE
UP A HOWL—I'M
ACHIN' T'IM PLUG
ONE OF THEM!"



GREEN, A NEW HAND
SPEAKS UP...

I FUND, BARKER—MY POINT
SEEM BAR TUN ME! THEM
COMANCHE GOT ANCIENT
RIGHTS FLY THEIR LAND
I SHORE DON'T SIGN UP
FOR THE KIMPA
THING! THIS MIGHT
START WAR!

WHU???



TAKIN' BACK MUST
GET 'EM UP, BLACKY!

RIGHT
SOSS!



THE'LL LASH YER
TAT I'M SOSS SOUND
MYAR! YU'LL DO
WHUT I SAY,
GET IT?

BLUB 'EM
SOSS! I'M
HOLDIN' 'EM!



BUT SUDDENLY...

SHUT
TUM!

YIHHA!



STRAIGHT
ARROW!

YOU'VE GONE FAR ENOUGH
BARKER. I'M SERVING YOU
FAIR WARNING—GET OFF
COMANCHE TERRITORY—
AND STAY OFF!



ALL RIGHT, STRAIGHT ARROW
YER GOT 'A CO-EDDED, BUT
I'M TAKIN' THIS MAN AND
BEST— AS EVIDENCE THAT
YOU SHOT ME...



BUT I'M COMIN' BACK! AN'
YU'LL OT THIS ARROW BACK
WITH INTEREST!















TIM HOLT

FOR MANY MOONS OLD FORT APACHE HAS BEEN ABANDONED BY BUCKY LEVINGTON. THE BURNED BRICKS OF BURNED BUILDINGS CAN FIND NO MOVEMENT WITHIN ITS MOONEN WALLS—UNTIL THE NIGHT THAT A GHOST MAKES ITS REFUGE THERE, AND BEGINS TO TERRIFY THE APACHE HORDES!

WHEN REDMASK AND A WAGONTRAIN OF SETTLERS SEEK SHELTER THERE AGAINST HAWKING INDIANS, THEY DISCOVER THAT THEY ARE HOWLING INDIANS. BEFORE THEN AND A MOMENT OF FRIGHT BEHIND THEM, IS THERE ANY ESCAPE FROM THE ARCHES, OR FROM—

"THE GHOST OF FORT APACHE!"



ONLY MOONLIGHT SLIVERS THE OLD STOCKADE AND THE DARK BUILDINGS OF THE DESERTED FORT.

NO WARRIORS TELL ME OF THE GHOST THAT HAS COME TO LIVE WITHIN ITS WALLS. BUT I SEE NO SPIRIT HERE!



AND THEN A SCREAM OF UTTER HILARIOUSNESS RIPS THE NIGHT—

AiiieEEEE-HA-HA-HA!



WITH A HOWL OF TERROR—HE
DROPPED HIS STAFF ON HIS
HEAD—BUTAHANGE, WARD-UP
OF THE NAVEGAND APACHED—
FLEES IN HORROR...

THE SHOUTS OF THE
DEAD SOLDIERS MY
TRIBE AND I BLEW
IN BATTLE!—
THEY WILL
CHASE ME!

BUT DAYLIGHT BLENDS SENSE
BACK TO THE CANNY CHIEF—
AND AT THE HEAD OF HIS
WARRIORS HE RIDES INTO
THE OLD FORT...

SURELY—

A FIREBALL!
IT CAME FROM
THE AIR ITSELF!

A DEMON
WEAPON!
RUN! RUN!

Aiiiiieeee-HA-HA-HA...!

RAGING WITH FRIGHT AND FURY, AND SEEKING TO
SOOTHE HIS OUTRAGED WIFE, BUTAHANGE HURLES
HIS WARRIORS AT AN UNFORTUNATE WAGONTRAIN.

CRASH!

CRASH!

CAUGHT IN THE OPEN, UNABLE TO CLOSE IN A CIRCLE,
THE SETTLERS ARE DOOMED...

MUCH LOOT! MANY SCALPS!

YAAAAAEEEEEE! ARCHE NOT KILL SHORT
—BUT ARCHE KILL FALLOUTEN!

DRAWN BY THE HOUSE OF GUNFISH, **REDMASK**
OF THE RIO GRANDE TIES HIS GREAT
STALLION, **SON DANCE** FORWARD...

SETTLERS DON'T KNOW HOW TO FIGHT
APACHES! THEY'LL BE SLAUGHTERED LIKE
SITTING DUCKS DOWN THERE!



IF I CAN GET NEAR ENOUGH TO THE
WAGONS, I MIGHT BE ABLE TO SAVE
SOME OF THEM YET!

AT FULL GALLOP, REDMASK RACES IN. HIS GUNBARS SPEAK AGAIN AND AGAIN! WITH HOT LEAD
HE BLASTS A PATH TOWARD THE CONVOY!



MOVE YOUR WAGONS! PRONTO!—
—BEFORE YOU'RE ALL KILLED! LEAVE
ALL YOUR WAGONS BUT THREE!



KEEP DRIVING, MAHAW! IT'S OUR ONLY
CHANCE TO GET THROUGH THE APACHES!



SUSPECTING A TRAP, THE APACHES DRAW BACK FROM THE CRUSHING WAGONS —

THEY MOVE THREE WAGONS —
LEAVING THE REST BEHIND!



A DOZEN PAINTED WARRORS RUSH TOWARD THE
ABANDONED CONESTOGAS —

NOT A
TRICK!

THE MEN AND WOMEN FLED
IN THE THREE WAGONS — MOVE
REMAINING HERE!



LIVID WITH FURY,
THE SCREAMING INDIANS
PURSUE THEIR ESCAPING
VICTIMS...



FROM THE CANVAS SHELTERS
OF EACH WAGON, A DOZEN
RIFLES CRACK!



A RACE FOR LIFE ITSELF
BEGINS —



—THEY END ONLY WHEN THE GATES
OF OLD FORT APACHE ARE REACHED!







THE GUN'S ROSE DOWN! A
POWDER HOWLING INDIAN
RACE THROUGH THE DOORWAY!



WE HAVE NO BULLETS—
SO THIS HAS TO WORK!



THEY THINK I'M A HEAP BIG
MAGICIAN! THEY DON'T KNOW
I SPREAD OUT THE BARRELS
OF GUNPOWDER I FOUND IN
THE FORT, TO SET! WHEN
THAT TORCH HIT IT, IT
EXPLODED! I'VE HELD THEM
OFF—BUT NEXT TIME WHEN
THEY COME IN, WE'RE
GONE FOR...!



WITHIN AN HOUR, THE APACHES
RE-GROUP AND CHARGE IN—



AND THEN, THE SHARP, HIGH
NOTES OF A BUGLE SOUND
ON THE DRY AIR...



THE CAVALRY! THEY JUST HAVE
ROUND ONE OF OUR RESERVE
BALLOONS AND COME AT THE
BALLOP!

I CAN LEAVE NOW! I GUESS OLD
FORT APACHE IS DEAD FOREVER... FOR
EVEN ITS 'GHOST' IS GONE TO
LEAVE IT!





Jimmy Proved His Point! ...So Can You

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Head Case: Robert J. Long, a 40-year-old male, is being treated for depression with the antidepressant, amitriptyline, 150 mg daily. He has been taking the medication for 3 weeks. He has been experiencing drowsiness, dry mouth, and constipation. He has also noticed a decrease in his appetite and weight loss. He is concerned about these side effects and wants to know if they are normal and if there is anything he can do to manage them.

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Wedding Site
Real Wedding!

1. The first step is to identify the problem. This involves understanding the symptoms and the context in which they are occurring.



Use yours with the
MECHANICAL
SMART
CHRONOGRAPH

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